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Summary: A little Captain Cobra in honor of 'Back To The Future' Day.  
Set during 5A.

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Something I posted to Tumblr in honor of the great movie 'Back To The Future'. Set during the beginning of 5A. As always, Captain Swan (ish) and the lovely added bonus of Captain Cobra!

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><p>Autumn was in full bloom as Killian Jones strolled down main street Storybrooke, headed toward the Charming's dwelling. The temperature had slowly started to descend as the leaves turned and fell off in a kaleidoscope of fiery colors, the Maine coastal line and forest backdrop looking idealistic, even as they hid numerous monsters and villains among them.</p>

His breath clouded around him as he walked, his mind roaming back on the last few weeks, more specifically on what he can't remember (not that it did him any good). Winter would be upon them soon and it still felt like just yesterday when he would meet her for lunch down by the pond, Granny's grilled cheese still lingering on her lips as he leaned in and stole just one more kiss before he felt like he might explode. Her laugh, her eyes, her smile - they all haunted him uncontrollably, slowly driving him mad with anger and more despair than he thought he was capable of. The Pirate had thought he knew true agony before, but what a fool he had been.

Quickly shoving his wayward emotions down, Killian entered the apartments stairwell, not allowing his mind to dwell on other much happier visits. He knocked three quick taps on the apartment door with his hook, the thumps echoing in the empty hallway. Snow answered promptly, her smile grateful, if a bit strained.

"Killian."

"Your Highness," he greeted, moving forward into the apartment slowly, purposely roaming his eyes to the kitchen and then living room but no higher.

"Henry," Snow called, her forced smile evident in her speech.  
"Killian is here. We should be back soon," she informed her grandson, ignoring the boy's mumbling about being old enough to not need a babysitter.

"Ignore the mutinous mumbling from the bitter teenager in the living room," David commented, crossing the kitchen to stand by Killian and Snow.

"Charming," Snow warned, her hand going to his arm and bringing to mind the multiple times her daughter had done the same thing to him in an effort to soothe.

"I wouldn't be bitter if people would learn to trust me instead of pretending that I'm still a defenseless 10 year old," Henry pointed out, getting up from the couch with a huff before heading toward the TV.

"Henry!" Snow reprimanded. "We've been over this. It's not that we don't trust you—"

"I know, I know," he muttered from his crouched spot in front of the television. "You don't trust her..."

Killian stiffened as David quickly rebuked, "That's not true. Things are just complicated right now."

Henry chose not to continue the conversation and David sighed deeply, turning back to his wife and guest. "Sorry. Sure you still wanna spend the evening with him?" he joked, trying to lighten the mood.

Killian nodded. "Aye," he answered lowly. "The Lad has just been through a lot lately."

"We all have," Snow pointed out gently, her hand landing on his sleeve briefly before she pulled away and started to don her coat.  
"We shouldn't be late. Regina just wants to go over what Belle found again."

Killian nodded, trying to stop himself from feeling the old familiar twinge of seclusion. Rationally, the Pirate knew better; in fact, he himself had volunteered to keep company with Henry when the Mayor voiced her worries over her son getting more and more disenchanted as the group hit one obstruction after another. He had been front and center for all of the groundwork; nose pressed to moldy dusty tomes, eyes strained from hours of translating foreign languages, his back smarting from being hunched over the Library tables - tonight was just an analysis of everything they knew so far.

"We'll call you if anything changes," David promised, clapping Killian on the shoulder as his wife opened the door.

"Thanks, Mate," he responded, watching the Prince and Princess leave. He took his time with removing his coat, carefully hanging the dark garment on what has been deemed "his" spot, only allowing his eyes to hesitate on the red leather hanging beside his own briefly; any longer and he may not be in the most charitable of moods.

Turning, he ventured into the living room area, watching the lad for a few beats before he opened his mouth.

"Save it," Henry beat him to it, his voice bland. He seemed to need a moment to pick his words before he added, "my Mom is the Dark One. I get it. But-"

"But," Killian continued when the boy seemed unable, "She is still your Mother." Henry didn't respond, but Killian noticed his shoulders relaxing. Taking a deep breath, he finally sat down on the couch, wetting his lips as he braced himself for this conversation. "She will never just be 'The Dark One' to me; never."

"She is in there somewhere. We just have to break her free."

"Aye, and we will," the Captain promised, voice steadfast and clear.

"I want to help; I need to help. I'm not the same impulsive kid who jumped on a bus to Boston the first chance he got. I can do this!"

Killians lips twitched. "I've no doubt Lad. A truer heart I've never seen. But," he cautioned, not wanting to diminish the boys passion but not being able to bear the guilt if he didn't impart what he knew to be true, "Your Mom - both of them - would be inconsolable if you were to come to harm. Your family knows you are worthy of this quest; allow them the time to make preparations for your safety."

"You think I can save my Mom?"

"My faith in you has not faltered Henry," he declared, imploring the young Lad to see the truth in his words. "I trusted you without ever having laid eyes on you during that rubbish of a sham fabricated by the last Author, bloody git that he was. Besides, I can't have any misgivings about my Quarter Master."

Henry nodded then, his back still facing the couch where Killian was seated, though he could sense the boy smiling. After a few moments the lad reached forward, his fingers dancing over several items before pulling out one of the thin crates containing something Swan and her boy referred to as a DVD.

"Today is 10-21-15." When Killian remained silent, Henry finally turned and, crossing his elbows, placed them upon the coffee table and added, unhelpfully, "October twenty-first, 2015."

Baffled, Killian admitted, "forgive me Lad, but I'm unfamiliar with the meaning behind today's date."

"Today is 'Back To The Future' Day," he supplied, laying a DVD on the table in front of him. The picture adorning the case featured large, colorful words and a young man beside a metal contraption, fire erupting from the ground behind it.

"I am to assume this day has something to do with this cinematic motion picture?"

Rolling his eyes, Henry proceeded to explain about something called a Delorean and how, when it was combined with lightening, it could travel through time. Listening to the boys excited ramblings, Killian's mind abruptly unearthed a similar conversation from his trip to the Enchanted Forest of the past, the lovely voice of his dearly missed Swan floating through his mind.

"\_How would I know how to get back to the future? Who do I look like?  
Ma\_-"

"Marty McWho..." Killian finished out loud.

"McFly," Henry automatically corrected, continuing his impromptu lesson on all things about a 'Flux Capacitor' for a brief moment before suddenly stopping. "Hey, you know this movie?"

"No," Killian said simply, a small ironic chuckle escaping as he leaned back into the couch. Of all the movies for the Lad to bring up (and, from what he could determine, there were plenty to choose from) Henry choose one of the few his mother had attempted to teach (rant at) him about.

Henry eyed him warily for a beat before saying, "Ok. Like I was saying, today is the date Marty and Doc traveled to in the future. It's like a rule that we have to watch these movies today. Me and...my Mom and me had planed to do it together..."

Both Pirate and teenager fell silent, the unfinished thought hanging in the room, attempting to snuff out the slight lightness they had finally attained.

"I would be honored to view these with you," Killian informed the boy.

Henry beamed then, quickly jumping to his feet to go make popcorn, something that he stressed was essential for movie marathons. Picking up the DVD, Killian tried (and failed) to resist the compulsion to imagine what the night would be like were his Swan present; Mother and Son quoting beloved lines together, enchanting laughs in between sneaking a taste of her sweet lips while the Lad was engrossed in the movie, her body pressed against his side as they burrowed together beneath warm blankets on the small couch - a perfect evening spent with those he held dearest to his heart.

"You ok, Killian?" Henry asked tentatively, having walked back into the room while his mind had been afloat in wondrous moments he never thought he would deserve. "If you don't want to watch it, I understand."

Blinking, Killian Jones slowly came back to reality and took stock of his surroundings. While it wasn't perfect, it would be one day, once his Love returned (they would get her back, he knew it). This could be his life now and he longed for it more than anything. It was going to be an uphill battle, but what kind of man would he be if he didn't fight for what he wanted?

"There is no where else I would rather be."

End  
file.